A Day's Adventures of a Woman Inspector.



"These are my beauties," said the soman tenement inspector. This reference applied to two adjoining houses on Battle row; Battle row being named strictly in accordance with the salient characteristics of its people.

The inspector and her companion entered the front door, pased through the hall and issued from the back door into a disreputable courtyard with a disreputable rear tenement bounding it on the further side. In fact, everything about the two

beauties was disreputable. The rear tenement was yacant on the ground floor, having been cleared in order to carry out the orders of the Tenement House Department. The inspector had dropped in to see if the execution of these

street, where the air seemed singularly soft and vernal by contrast. . "You mustn' think they are all as bad as that."

The next one was not so bad. It was the kind that would probably be marked 80 on the inspector's report; decently clean, although an ancient and fishlike smell hung about the corridors.

The inspector's errand here was to ascer-tain the cause of an urgent complaint which had been turned in at the office concerniing certain rooms alleged to be a nutsance. She climbed and climbed, meeting with no information till she reached the top.
"Must be here," she said, "as long as it

isn't anywhere below." She made her way toward the front of the top floor, hunting for the flat that was orders had begun. It had not.

The walls and ceilings were black. The front door stood a pie, freshly baked. It stairs were broken. The floor was carpeted was a lemon pie, with a snowy wreath of



THE TACTICIAN OF THE TOP FLOOR

with fallen plaster and filth. A great hole was broken through the wall of one room into the hall The visitors looked through to meet the gaze of a wolfish cat that eat "and munched and munched and

"There was a lady got throwed clean through that hole one night," said the girl who was acting as guide, with a reminiscent

The incident had evidently formed pleasing diversion. The guide was pretty.

winkle in her eye; 16 and married. 'That's the sort of rats' nest the department is going to clean up and clean out,"

merirgue over the top, through which the golden custard gleamed appetizingly; a very jewel of a pie. "You won't find your bad rooms here,

said her companion to the inspector.
"Why not?" asked the inspector. The companion pointed to the pie.
"No woman who could achieve a pie like

that has complaints sent in about her housekeeping," said she. The inspector laughed and turned the

A nice, bright, clean room met the gaze: family portraits and framed chromes on the walls; blossoming plants in the windows; old carpet immaculately swept, glimpse of

clean, soft voiced woman ready to answer The ple had proved a true prophet. The author of the pie was telling all about

it, in soft tones,

A widower it was, in the rear flat, she said; he had two sons; they all worked and kept bachelors' hall, and really, really, it was very bad. Floor hadn't been swept for six months. Didn't believe they ever washed the dishes. Never washed any bedding. Bugs? Yes, ma'am. Can't keep them out of her own rooms, when so many in there. No one to look after them or keep the house; it's too bad, too bad; but warm weather is coming, and it is sure to be very

She didn't admit it, but it evidently was she who had sent the complaint, her housewifely instincts regretfully conquering her wifely instincts regretfully conquering her commiseration. However, she said, it wouldn't be necessary for the tenement house department to do anything new, The untidy widower had received a dispossess notice, and would be moving out to-morrow, and then the flat could be shoveled out and scraped and sandpapered. So the inspector and her companion went away, the latter casting a longing eye at the ple she passed.

"I'll bet it's a good one," she said.
Out on the sidewalk stood a group of furniture.

"Those things have been there since Thursday night," said the inspector, "and now it's Monday. The city usually gets them into municipal storage .efore this. It's pretty expensive to get them out. I've known families to leave them in and buy new furniture. This family has evidently gone in with some friends, and not found the money yet to move."

"And the furniture can stand out over night without getting stolen?" demanded the companion.

"It would be a pretty tough character." commiseration. However, she said, it

"And the furniture can stand out over night without getting stolen?" demanded the companion.

"It would be a pretty tough character that would steal a dispossessed man's furniture," replied the inspector. "The poor are mighty good to each other in such cases. I never knew dispossessed furniture on the sidewalk to be touched."

The inspector opened a door and walked in in the calm way that she has. She walked through to the rear to inspect the fire escapes, and finding they had wooden floors instead of iron ones, made a note for a notice to the landlord.

A large, motherly looking woman eyed her brass buttons as she came out.

"Are you the inspector lady now?" she inquired, in a friendly tone.

The inspector said she was.

"Sure, darlin' an' did you run the big fat man out av his job?" said the large woman, confidentially.

"Oh, no," said the inspector with a merry smile. "He's just gone to work on another beat."

For some occult reason the large woman was not convinced. She gave a labored

For some occult reason the large woman was not convinced. She gave a labored wink and said

"Faith, an' I do like to see a little bit av a woman like you run a big fat man out of a lob." The inspector was about 4 feet 11, and the

friendly resident was evidently impressed by the difference between her and her preby the difference between her and her predecessor.

This is a great woman's rights district, at
least so far as equal pay for equal work is
concerned. The girls are all obliged to be
self-supporting, and they are intensely interested in this phase of the economic queston. They often stop the inspector on the
stairs to inquire if she gets the same pay as
the men do, and invariably remark that they
are glad of it when they hear that she does.
Even the policeman on that post unbent from
his dignity sufficiently to stop her and ask
the same question one day.

There was another mark of friendly interest as they same out of the next house.

"Ain't yous feet just blistered off yous,
going up and down them stairs all day?"
inquired a woman who was sitting on the
front steps.

going up and down them sent and the inquired a woman who was enting on the front steps.

"Used to be when I first began." said the inspector, "but they we got over it now." Well, I hope they give you damn good pay," said the woman, placidly.

"No need to be shocked," said the inspector, as they walked away. "It doesn't mean any more than "Great Scott."

"Great Scott" being her own swear word, it came handy for illustration.

Having inspected six houses from top to bottom, and made several short calls, the inspector knocked off for luncheen, At 2 o'clock, there was an appointment with a practical plumber on the staff to hunt for a certain leak that defied any eyes less experienced than a plumber's.

Two houses stood side by side, each owned by a resident landlord. The ceilar of one house was periodically traversed by spring

freshets from the other, which stood six feet higher. In consequence, a regular Montague and Capulet feud prevailed be-tween the two houses, passed down as a tradition in various city departments. The party met at the basement steps of the house supposed to be the offender. The plumber was a big, fat man. The in-

directly beneath it. It seemed so startling to have one's parlor floor closely with waste pipes.

While the plumber and inspects on their knees hunting for the lead pipe, the owner of the house cam tiny, ancient dame, her face a tof carved wrinkles, like a gnome.



HUNTING FOR THAT LEAK.

spector denied that he was the big fat man whom she had run out of his job, but, as has been seen, her statements in regard to this matter did not inspire confidence.

"We'd like to see your waste pipes," said the big fat man, ingratiatingly, to the woman who lived in the basement.

"Why, certainly," said she: "come right into the parlor."

She ushered them in placed chairs for



them politely, and then, in a careless, off-hand way, flung back a section of the par-lor floor and disclosed a network of pipes

"Oh, my gracious," said she, with the accent of a tragedienne: "you vass after that leak vunce again! I tell you, there iss no leak there. The Board of Health came my house by vunce again already, and hunt, and hunt, and hunt, and hunt, and never found no leak. That house always had water, before this house was built, yes. It must have water, because it iss deeper, yes."

The parlor floor having disclosed no eccets, the party changed its base to the hall basement, where the pipes were found to be in one of the coal closets, which was locked. The old woman declared she had no key.

"Come now." said the big fat man in a wheedling tone, "don't hold us back now. If you do, we'll just have to come back again."
The little old woman raised her hands to

Heaven.
"Would I hold you back?" she said. "I haf no key. The lady who hass this coal room, she lives on the third floor."
A trip to the third floor revealed that the lady was out.
"May I take off the staple?" said the big fet man, patiently.

looked sternly on, holding a candle to light the scene.

"She has some way of stopping off the water," she said "There's no w ter running here now, and there won't be for a few dys, unless there should be a heavy rain. When it storms this cellar is for ting. It's like a m chinery down here. It's a millide m. It's a Ni g. ra.

The Ledy of the house had descriptive powers. "Thirteen ye ra the city of New York has been a hunting of the there le. k," she said, "and never found it yet."

She surveyed the employees of the city

looked sternly on, holding a candle to light at he scene.

"She has some way of stopping off the writer," she s.id "There's no w ter running here now, and there won't be for a few if ys, unless there should be a he say rinning the now, and there won't be for a few if ys, unless there should be a he say rinning the now had the storms this cellar is for ting. It is storms this cellar is for ting. It is storms this cellar is for ting. It is storm the cellar is for ting. It is storms this cellar is for ting. It is storms this cellar is for ting. It is storms the cellar is for ting. It is storm the cellar is storms the cellar is s



SECRETS IN THE CIRCUS.

AND ONE OFTEN FINDS THEM OUT BEHIND THE SCENES. M'lle of Paris Talks German as Her Native Tongue-Sex Not Always as It Seems

-Strenneusness of the Life-Can There Be a Grandmother in the Circus? The circus, like most fascinating things, has its secrets. Some of them are surprising, most of them interesting and nearly all of them to be learned behind the scenes.

There, for instance, behind the brown wooden gates it is first possible to settle accurately the question of sex, for the performers retiring from the ring move promptly in different directions. In the portheast corner of the building the men are housed, and at the southern end are

are housed, and at the southern end are the dressing rooms of the women.

There is always a procession of men and women from both quarters. It is perplexing, therefore, to see a skirted figure emerge from the group of acrobats who appear in evening dress and make its way toward the rough steps that lead to the men's quarters. There is, however, a masculine swing about the walk that even muscle and acrobatic skill would not impart to a woman's gait. So in spite of the slim figure, the delicate features and the carefully dressed blond hair, this acrobat cannot be a woman, else he would not dare turn to the left when he comes in from the ring. Half an hour letter, when he appears in mauve tights with a jaunty ribbon in his hair, the apparition seems more truly feminine than ever. But when he buttons a rough uister tight about his chin and hustles over to wait for his wife after the performance, there is no longer any mystery as to sex. His guttural German is delivered in a deep bass tone that might come from a giant. Eut, in costume, it is difficult even from a few feet away to realize that he is not a very slim and comely young woman.

There are several other men who wear ously, and in the great arena, their sex is not suspected, although they are not all so well disguised as this particular young former.

cously, and in the great arena. Their sex is not suspected, although they are not all so well disguised as this particular young German. Oh. I've dressed as a woman only for three years," he said the other night when The Sun reporter asked him how he came to be a female impersonator on the trap ze. I'lt came about by accident. My two reartners wanted a woman to combine in our act. We tried several, but none of them could do the tricks we were trying to work them up to. Evidently we had picked out something too difficult for any woman I used to show them what we wanted. One day it occurred to us that I might dress like a woman and try the act. I was thinner then even than I am now. We did the act and it was a great success. Nobody seemed to find it out.

For these reasons we've been in all the European cities and the act has gone just as well as if I were a woman. Now we have another act in which ten of us appear. My wife is in that. I always dress as a woman then because we needed another woman to make the number equal.

There are few of the performers who do not appear in several acts during the progress of the circus, usually under different names and sometimes without mention at all several of the clowns are acrobats, who perform different aërial feats before they whiten up their faces or make their other preparations for fun. Two or three of the groups of performers unite at times and form a large troupe which distributes itself over the ceiling like files. Then the women animal tamers and rope walkers have other specialties which they exhibit

during different stages of the performance. One with trained birds rides in the chariot races, and all of the women riders appear several times and under different names.

But that is for even the hard-worked circus people of the day an improvement over the times in which they were compelled to help the grooms arrange the ring for the succeeding acts. Then they used to cover their tights with long coats, boots and high hats while they rolled up the carnets and held up the poles for the horses to leap over.

The very circus performer in these days must be versatile," one of the riders said just as the chariots were forming the other night. Here I'm starting now on the fourth turn I've done this evening. I rode on horseback in the opening procession, and a little while after that I was doing a riding turn in one of the small rings. After that I rode around as a jockey and now I'm riding bareback in the hippodrome. Nearly every other man, woman and child in the ring has to work nearly as hard. There is only one team in the whole show besides. Cyclo who appears in only one turn. It keeps one hustling merely to get in and out of the clothes.

The two acrobats who appear but once are the marvellous Clarkonians, who have been the sensation of the circus this year. They are its stars and enjoy the privileges of stars in their immunity from the hard work of their associates. They are the a robats who swing in the middle of the gurden. One of them, in leaping from a trapeze to his companion's hands, turns completely around twice in the air. The trick has never been done here before. Apart from its daring, their act is uncommonly graceful.

They are the two slight, youthful-looking chaps who in answer to the warning bell apps ar behird the gates to await their turn, usually wearing pale pink or green. Sometimes one of them will jump a few feet several times or turn a few handsprings to warm himself up. But as a rule they do not make even this preparation to limber up for the difficult task in store for 'them. They laugh and talk with their colleagues, and the brother who makes the wonderful leap is the more composed. They are the least concerned couple behind the scenes, for when the time comes for the Carkonians to appear the half bundred employees scramble for places to watch them.

They laugh and talk with their colleagues, and the brother who makes the wonderful leap is the more composed. They are the least concerned couple behind the scenes, for when the ring, "and for three seasons I have been appearing," said the olde

fortable back of her dapple gray home.
Then the cliderly gentleman, having seen that she is safely settled, busies himself straightening the folds of her skirt.
Then the cliderly gentleman, having seen that she is safely settled, busies himself straightening the folds of her skirt.
Then the cliderly gentleman, having seen that she is safely settled, busies himself straightening the folds of her skirt.
The training seen that the safely settled there is the folds of her skirt.
The training seen that the safely settled the

Life is polyglot behind the scenes, but German seems to predominate. English among the performers this year is limited. Usually the supply of American acrobats is larger than it is this year, for they are popular acrobats the world over. Their number is not large this year because no new acts of great importance have recently been devised. The sensational acts are always followed by Americans. Last year it was Diablo, who looped the loop. He was an American, and so is Cyclo, who rides his bicycle to the top of the perpendicular wall of staves.

He is not at all a muscular youth in appearance, but rather studious-looking when

He is not at all a muscular youth in appearance, but rather studious-looking when he comes out of the ring wearinng his dressing gown. He stops to exchange a few words with an American woman. She is on horseback, and near her are two younger women, both of whom resemble her strongly. It is told in the circus that one is her daughter and the other her granddaughter. But that is probably circus gossip and not a circus secret.

THE BAKER'S THERMOMETER. He Can Tell How Hot the Oven Is by Touching the Door Knob.

He Can Tell How Hot the Oven is by Touching the Door Knob.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Bakers have a curious way of telling just what the temperature of the oven is," said a baker who had been in the business for more than a quarter of a century, "and they can tell, too, with almost marvellous accuracy. You take a man who is an expert in the business, and he can tell what the temperature of the oven is by simply touching the handle of the oven door. In nine cases out of ten he will not miss it to the fraction of a degree.

"Bakers have other ways, of course, of testing the heat of the oven. For instance, when baking bread they sometimes throw a piece of white paper into the oven, and if it turns brown the oven is at the proper temperature; or, when baking other things they will throw a little cornmeal flour into the oven in order to test the heat. But the baker's fingers are the best gauge, and when nou come to think of the different temperatures required in baking different tangs, it is no small achievement to even approximate the heat of the oven by touching the handle of the oven door.

"Baker's figure that during the rising time of a loaf of bread, after it has been placed in the oven, it ought to be in a temp rature of 55 degrees Fahrenheit. During the baking process, in order to cook the starch, expand the carbonic acid gas, air and steam and drive off the alcohol, the inside of the loaf mest register at 1 ast 22 degrees. In baking rolls, burns, soon s, tea biscuits, drop cakes, fance cakes, New York cakes, muffins, puffance cakes, new York cakes, muffins, puffance cakes, sow a heat of 451 degrees or higher.

"When the oven is at 451 degrees it is fit for cream puffs, singer roles and singer, sit is fit for cream puffs, singer roles, singer note and snaps, over and things in this class. But what ver a beaches, singer to bake we doing cakes, sinker notes and snaps, by s. singer toread, spice cakes, souhas raisin, per sample and things in this class. But what ver a drops and things in this class

It was "Snakes" who started the discussion. He had been stuck for the game and was trying to figure out how he could buy cigars for all five of them with the 15 cents he

had in his pocket.
"I wish I was rich," he said at last, when all the mathematics he knew had failed to give him a solution of his problem.

A round of jeers greeted the long, deep sigh that marked the intensity of his emotion. The picture that his exclamation had conjured up, of "Snakes" with money to spend, and spending it, was too much for them all. *Put that in the Hornet, Floyd, said Ben

"That's the best item you'll have this week."
"Huh!" said "Snakes." "Just because you're rich you needn't think it's so funny if some one else would like to be.

Ben yelled.
"Rich!" he cried. "What do you think is rich?" "Well, twenty or twenty-five thousand," answered the boy. "That would be enough for me. I don't want all there is."

"What would you do with it?" asked "I'd take it easy," replied "Snakes." "and get a new slide trombone." "Whew," said Doc, "take it easy! What

do you do now?"
"What you 'spose?" exclaimed the boy.
"D'ye think it's fun to scrub them windows and sweep them floors and stairs and dust all them books and them instrument cases and carry up coal for that stove and water for that blamed tank and keep all them basins clean and lug out the ashes and all

that every day? I guess if you tried it for a while you wouldn't think it was so funny." Then a customer interrupted them, and down. Night after night the subject came up again, and gradually shaped itself on the question, "What is a satisfactory income?" after that the game went on and the dis-

"If I owned the Hornet," said Floyd, "and had enough to get a new power press. with a little engine and some new type.

and theatres and big hotels and joints. It means go there for good, make it headquarters, with London and Paris and Europe and the rest of the world on the side, and Monte Carlo thrown in whenever you want to let the money go a little faster than ordinary.

"It'll take something for all that. Big house in New York, another in Newport, great estate down in Virginia or the Carolinas, shooting preserve up in the Adiron-dacks, place in the north of England or Scotland, steam yacht, cup defenders, thoroughbreds, racing stable here and in England.

"Takes a heap to have a look at that. Go in for art and make collections, pictures, porrelains, pottery, rugs, tapestries, books and all that sort of thing. Then you're talking."
"Hendiades!" exclaimed Dan. "You want

There was a shout of approval of the scheme.

"Dan's got you, Doc," said "Snakes."

"You can't get shead of that."

"I don't want to," replied Doc. "That's a great scheme, and worthy to be carried out at once."

The door opened and a man blew in on the wintry night wind to buy five cents worth of ipecac. When Dan came back to the stove after wrapping up the bottle Ben was talking.

to the stove after wrapping up the bottle
Ben was talking.
"I'd buy the Deutschland," he said, "and
take her out to sea to train carrier pigeons
to dy ashore. Then when I got 'em well
enough trained I'd start a coastwise and
transitiantic messenger service."

The others would not admit that there
was any merit in the scheme. It was a
poor second, they said, to the brilliant
plan of Dan for the development of Irish
setters.

well, said Floyd, after a while, "I tell you what Ild do. If I had all that money I'd reclaim the Sahara Desert. I'd go over there and irrigate it, and make it a over there and irrigate it, and make it a great big garden."
"That's it," said Dan. "All you have to do is to sink enough artesian wells and you could get all the water you wanted. "That's a fine scheme."
"Yes," put in Ben, "you could carry in good soil from somewhere else and make it a fine rich country instead of a sand heap."

talking."

"Hendiades!" exclaimed Dan. "You want the earth! We were talking about things that might happen.

"Oh, no you were not," replied Doc. "You want to remember Sairy Gamp's advice. my hoy, and 'while you're gittin' git a pleaty. It's just as easy to wish for millions as for thousands, and you are just as likely to get one by wishing as the other."

"Well, I think if I had ten thousand a year I'd be satisfied," said Floyd. "I'd be sure of being all right all the time then, and it could travel or do what I liked."

"That ain't enough for me by a lot," said Ben. "I don't want to quit doing anything. There's nothing that could make the me more miserable than to have nothing to do but amuse myself all the time. "But I'd like to have enough so that I could be absolutely free to run a big wholest to be the lime to have nothing to ought to be run, and feel all the time that if things went wrong it wasn't going to wipe me out. Have a reserve, you know, so that you could give yourself a free swing in your businees."

"No. "Said Doc, "none of you fellows has the it." There is only one really satisfactory income."

"What is it?" asked Dan. "How much do you think it ought to be?"

"What is it?" asked Dan. "How much do you think it ought to be?"

"All you want," answered Doc. "I don't "All you want," answered Floyd. "Wall what are you going to do with the want of much. Some days you want want so much. Some days you won't want of it," answered Floyd, "and plant trees it want so much. Some days you won't want of it," answered Floyd, "and plant trees it."

"Hendiades!" All you want, answered Doc. "I don't you don't want on much. Some days you won't want on much. Some days you won't want of it," answered Floyd, "and plant trees it."

queerest little towns in the country. It is Bayside, one-storied, picturesque and

quaint.
For eight or nine months in the year the population of Bayside can be counted on the fingers of one hand. In the other three or four months it is a lively, bustling town of nearly 1,500 inhabitants. During this winter one lone man has had the town all to himself. His nearest neighbors lived miles away and whenever he became lone-some he could only talk to his big gray cat. His time was occupied in knitting nets, smoking his pipe and keeping as eye on the little homes of the fishermen which line the shore of the bay for more than

For years Bayside has been the leading resort of the small army of fishermen who catch the toothsome shad for the city markets. Adjacent to Bayside are the best fishing grounds to be found in Delaware Bay. Every year on the 1st of April the town awakens from its months of quet and becomes a place of importance.

Storekeepers arrive with wagons and boate loaded with goods and opes their places of business. The ship changer comes with his supply of cars, ropes, an-chors, nets and everything needed by the fishermen. The guardian of Uncle Sam's maits throws open the shutters of the little post office and begin: o hand out letters. The post office business is heavy while the

The post office business is heavy while the fahing season is on.

Several times each week the representatives of a Bridgeton bank visita Bayside and solicits deposits from the fishermen, whose returns from the city commission merchants amount to thousands of deliars weekly. It is not unusual for the fishermen to catch 100,000 shad in a week. Last season more than a million were shipped from Bayside to the New York and Philadelphia markets.

Was the run of shad ends, the fishermen get out their sturgeon nets and earn good wages. Most of the caviare preduced in New Jersey comes from Bayside. When the sturgeon leave the bay, Bayside again becomes a village of half a dozen inhabitants at most.